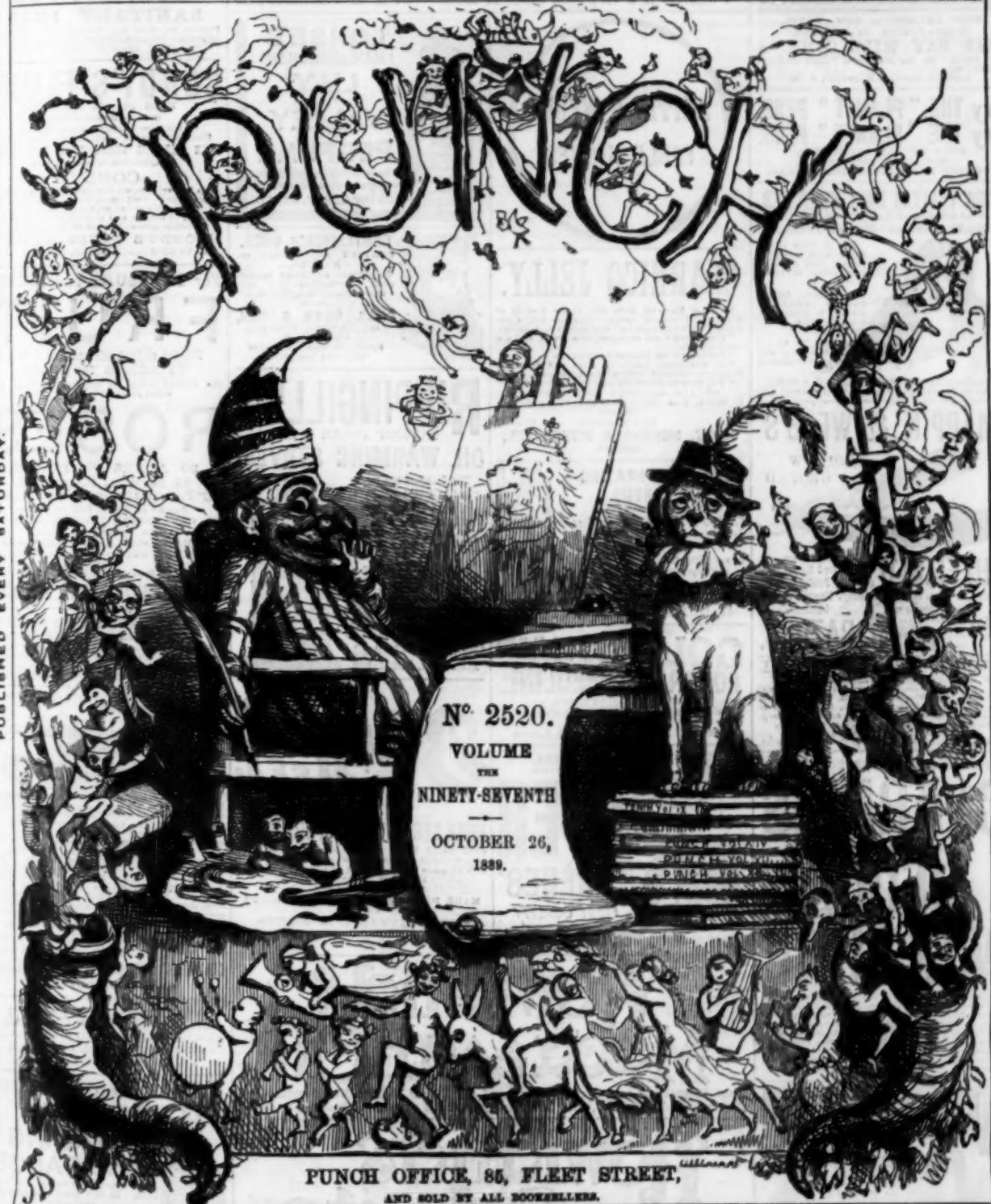


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tered, on a White Ground, across the  
bottom.

## UNTLED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimer les tableaux changeants: je vous vous contenter." *Le Diable Boiteux.*

## VIII.

DULNESS, unmitigated dulness, reigns [Wearied brains, In this grey southern suburb. Dead hearts, and pallid faces, seem native to this worse than desert waste Of stony streets untouched by human taste, Untoned by Nature's graces.

Even decay and desolation lone Some semblance of the picture put on; But these rectangular ranges Of close-packed dwellings never seem to know Dawn's radiance gay, the evening's golden glow, The seasons' kindly changes.

Unroof these sordid sheds spread on the sight [mirk of night, In miles monotonous through the And what will greet our vision? Close toil, keen pain, coarse mirth, and vulgar vice, All that might move sleek Culture's soul of ice

To cynical derision.

Beneath yon glimmering garret's sloping slate, What sordid scene our searching eye awaits? "See!" sighed the Shadow. Slowly Through the thick gloom a tragic tableau shaped. Not with fine trappings of the stage are draped The dramas of the lowly.

"The secrets of the strong," remarked my guide, "Like basking sharks, lie hid beneath the tide

That ripples calm above them. This is the day of 'Booms,' of those 'Big Things'

The leader-writer, our true Laureate, sings.

How lesser things must love them!

"The little things of life await the doom Of yeomen and the dodo. Where is room In the great huckster hustle

For petty independence? Though it strive How can it hope to conquer and survive 'Midst Trade's belligerent bustle?

"The world adopts the great Darwinian test; The fittest are the strongest, not the best.

What use to war with Nature?

The Town is strewn with scattered wrecks of those Who strove to hold their own with giant foes, Though dwarfs in strength and stature.

"See one of them, in this diamantined room, His grey head bowed in dull despairing gloom Upon the scant-spread table!

No, friend, the Tragedy of Trade to-day Has not the dignity of classic play,

The grace of epic fable.

He was a prosperous petty tradesman once, And held his head up—poor deluded dunce!— With quite amusing vanity.

Tis low enough at present, is it not? How should the earthen brave the brazen pot?

The effort shows insanity.

"He serves a Big Store bully humbly now, A gorgeous creature whose Olympian brow Scowls, and he shrinks and shivers.

The bully sold him down and bought him up."— [sup,

"Strange," muttered I, "how souls on sorrow Whilst there are ropes and rivers!"



"Friend," said the Shadow, "yonder black Thames stream Holds more crushed pride than pride uncrushed may dream; But this poor broken 'duffer' Possessed a conscience and six children; ties Which nerve e'en his unheroic energies To live,—which means to suffer."

"'Duffer' his rich supplanter calls his tool. Knavish success dubs honest failure fool, A charge the world endorses."— "Is it," I asked, "Leviathan's fault, or fate's? Tends not our world to huge compacted states And concentrated forces?"—

The Shadow smiled. "'Tis scarcely strange to find BISMARCKS and Big Store bullies of a mind. Yet Behemoth may bellow, Loudly and long about the glorious goal Of the Absorbing Arts ere he'll console Their prey—like this poor fellow.

"Could you have seen him, pompously polite, Behind his counter trim with apron white, Scaling out lard or gammon, Watching him now you'd question the great gain Of sweeping him, sad slave, in the huge train Of all-absorbing Mammon.

"Him, and so many like him. Yonder dines Mammon himself. Fair women, dainty wines Adorn his glittering table.

How bright eyes gleam upon the lord of gain! So some would smile upon full-coffered Cain Fresh from the grave of Abel.

A huge Trade-Octopus he knows the arts Which make such monsters masters of our marts.

Mero huckstering will not fatten The creatures fast enough; they must pull down In herds the peddling toilers of the Town, And on them gorge and batten.

"So swell huge fortunes; by such spider-craft Wealth plumps on wreckage, and no tainted wort

From the trade shambles reaches Society's dainty nose. There Croesus sits, Admired by women and amused by wits, Amidst his pines and peaches.

"And one poor broken tool, whom but to-day He flung with words of callous scorn away, Bows there, in hopeless ruin.

Redress? Resistance? He as well might hope To strive with Croesus, as a child to cope With the brute-clutch of Bruin.

"His daughter—she was once a trim coquette, Is now a haggard slattern, comely yet, But still from long despairing— Out of her cheerlessness essays to cheer Greed's victim, but his eyes are dim, his ear Is dull, well-nigh past caring."

"Father!"—I hear her voice— "Take heart, look up! You'll need your strength to-morrow; rouse and sup,

See, father, I've forgotten Our tyrant's words of insult. Years ago He flattered me on my good looks, you know."

"Base brute, and misbegotten!" (So the poor father, stung at last, outflames)

"Flattery from him is worse than scorn; it shames

Me—you—but to remember The glosing words which schemed your ruin. Yes!

Now you've no witchery,—in that draggled dress—

To fan dead passion's ember.

"Shrink not, girl! What have you and I to do With sensibilities? Put on the screw, Rich brute, turn hard, turn often!

What matter though our hearts, our lives it crushes?" [blush

Your heart nor man's appeal nor woman's hath any strength to soften."

"Let us be gone!" I cried. "I little care To play eavesdropper upon mad despair, Or spy on passion's anguish."

"So be it!" sighed the Shade. "He thrives, you know,

Whilst his poor victim to a pauper's grave Must lingeringly languish!"

"Said I not that the secrets of the strong Were sinister? The ceaseless tale of wrong Hums through this opulent City In scarce-heard undertones. The countless slain [plain, Cumbersome the clods of Mammon's battle- Few mark, and fewer pity."

(To be continued.)

A "UNIVERSAL" AND A "PARTICULAR."—HARRY QUILTER of the ever Red-y *Universal Review* has attacked Merry ANDREW LANG, under the impression that he had been previously attacked by the latter in an article on WILKIE COLLINS in the *Saturday Review*. The *Saturday* replies denying that Merry ANDREW wrote, or knew anything about the article in question. Instead of being neat of fence, and pinking the Red 'Un with a rapier, as we should have expected of the *Saturday's* Editor, he goes in for quilting QUILTER. The quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands, till next month, when we shall see if it's a case of "Q. in the corner" or not. Logically, the "particular" upsets the "universal."

MANSFIELD COLLEGE.—Those benighted Londoners who only connect the name of "Mansfield" with a memorable occupation of the Lyceum, ask if the two leading professors in this Educational establishment will be Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, both taken by one person to save a salary? We beg to inform these ignorant individuals that Mansfield College is not theatrical but Nonconformist, and the artful Dissenters are congratulating themselves on having been able to "take a site" at the Old University.

MEM. FOR THE DIRECTORS.—The Aquarium ought certainly not to be a place for "loose fish."

## THE THREE JUDGES.

A SONG OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. AIR—"The Three Ravens."



## "HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THERE were three Judges sat on a Bench,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
And from their task they all did blench,  
With a down.

And one of them said to the others,  
"Oh, here's a bore, my learned Brothers;  
With a down derry, derry, derry down  
down.

Behold! alas, at yonder table,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
Gather the counsel sage and able.  
With a down!  
They rouse us from Vacation sleep,  
Us many a day they yet may keep;  
With a down derry, derry, derry down  
down.

The faithful public hither hie,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;

To hear Sir HENRY by-and-by,  
With a down.  
And see there comes G-ROK L-w-a! Oh!  
DAY, SMITH, this is an fearful go!  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down  
down.

DAY lifted up his drowsy head,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
He sighed, "I would I were in bed,  
On the down."  
SMITH said, "It takes an awful time  
To search the sources of Irish crime;"  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down  
down.

Grave HANNAN yawned, and said, "I wis"—  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
"Cute RUSSELL is well out of this;"  
With a down.

"Heaven send we soon may close the Court,  
And give our minds to our Report!"  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down  
down.

INTERESTED SUPPORTERS.—The Chaplain, the Recorder, and the Mace-bearer, are most anxious that Sir HENRY ISAACS should stick to his principles, and walk the whole way along the line of procession. Individually, each of these distinguished personages thinks that the other two ought to accompany the LORD MAYOR, so that the remaining one of the City trio would have the State Coach *all to himself!*

THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.—Is it quite a toss-up? As the French say, "PEEL on face?"

## "THE MAN WHO SAID HE WAS SALA."

"CHARGE OF IMPERSONATION.—At Worcester Quarter Sessions yesterday a man named STEVENSON was sentenced to three months' hard labour for having obtained board and lodging by false pretences. In June last he went to several hotels in Worcester and Malvern, representing himself to be Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. He said he was a very comical fellow, and would give the hotel-keepers good notices in a book he was writing. His luggage consisted of a dog-whip, a time-table, a cucumber in brown paper, and a hamper of vegetables. He said he had a grand house in London, and had dined with DICKENS and THACKERAY. He denied any intention to defraud, and said he had been driven to it by drink and domestic trouble."

—Tues., October 17.

O HAVE you heard the news of late?  
If not, I'll post you up to date,  
And tell you of the wretched fate  
Of the Man who said he was SALA!  
He went about with lots of chaff,  
Said he wrote for the *Telegraph*,  
And that he'd give you a hearty laugh  
If you stood him a pint of half-and-half,  
He went about to every town  
With luggage packed in paper brown;  
But he claimed to himself world-wide renown,  
Did the Man who said he was SALA!  
He boarded and lodged at Worcester, whence  
To Malvern he went, at great expense  
He lived, without paying, which showed the sense  
Of the Man who said he was SALA!  
They took him in at the best hotels,  
They thought he was the biggest of swells,  
Then he took them in, so history tells,  
Which was but fair in the way of "solla,"  
His luggage,—a time-table, whip with lash,  
A cucumber, hamper of green-stuff, trash,  
But not so green as those who lent cash  
To the Man who said he was SALA!  
He'd stories of DICKENS and THACKERAY too,  
And all the distinguished men he knew  
Were boon companions, good and true,  
Of the Man who said he was SALA!  
He promised that he, in return for each gift,  
Would write 'em a puff which would give them a lift,  
But some one, suspecting the lute had a rift,  
Prosaic, determined the matter to sift,  
Alas! how impersonation may fail!  
The Magistrates, after they'd heard the whole tale,  
Decided on sending for three months' to gaol  
The Man who said he was SALA!

## COURT SHIFTS.

From a *Very Well-informed Correspondent*.

It is reported that the CZAR has just written a private letter to the EMPEROR WILLIAM cordially thanking him for the precautions he took to protect his person during his two days' recent visit to Berlin. It is not, however, generally known that the Russian Police Authorities more than met the EMPEROR half-way, by having no less than three doubles of their August Master ready for any emergency. It was owing to the fact that, through some blunder, one of those who had been substituted for the real CZAR could not be changed again in time, and so was borne on by the official programme, and had to take his place at the Imperial Luncheon-table, that the untoward incident over the reply to the EMPEROR's speech arose. What the confused substitute really said was not in French, but in broad Russian. The words, too, of which he made use were not as reported:—"I reciprocate the sentiments of my beloved brother and ally, and empty my glass to the glorious traditions of the two armies. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" But, "Goodness gracious! I don't know what to say. It's too bad of them to have let me in for this!" This he mumbled out in a low voice, much at first to the surprise of his host, who, however, on getting a wink from BISMARCK, soon discovered what had happened, and only took care the incident should not leak out, by himself revising and correcting the proof-sheets of the Court Circular for the official journal. Again, later in the evening, a similar hitch occurred, another of the doubles having, by some mismanagement, been taken, instead of the CZAR himself, to the Gala Performance at the Theatre.

The newspaper reports of the evening's proceedings had noted the fact that there seemed a decided coldness of manner in the conduct of the EMPEROR to the CZAR. This, of course, was accounted for by the circumstance that the EMPEROR discovered he had been again told off to entertain a dummy. Later in the evening, the sham CZAR was smuggled out, and the real one took his place; and it was laughing



## "WELL OUT OF IT."

Uncle. "AND YOU LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, ETHEL?"

Ethel (promptly). "YETH, UNCLE."

Uncle. "AND WHO ARE YOUR ENEMIES, DEAR?"

Ethel (in an awful whisper). "THE DEV—"

[The Old Gentleman doesn't see his way further, and drops the subject.]

over this incident that gave the character of "joyful intercourse" to the conversation between the two potentates on which the papers next morning indulged in such favourable comments.

The departure of the CZAR from Berlin was conducted with more than usual precaution. Three sham Imperial trains, with a dummy CZAR ostentatiously displayed at the windows of an Imperial saloon carriage in each, having been started simultaneously respectively from three stations in different directions, while His Majesty, disguised as a common droshky-driver, really departed half-an-hour later in a horse-box attached to an ordinary third-class mail.

But the precautionary measures did not end here. On his arrival at Neufahrwasser, the CZAR instantly made for the beach, and passing the night in a bathing-machine, hung about on the look-out for the arrival of the *Derjara*, which was bringing the CZARINA and his children to meet him. Here, again, he had recourse to his doubles; and, leaving one to represent him in the bathing-machine, and another lunching in his own saloon carriage, drove through the back streets of the town in a common cab, catching the third-class train for Königsberg, at which place, disguised as a commercial traveller, he arrived at twenty minutes after six.

Still preserving his *incognito*, at one time appearing in a long white beard and spectacles, and at another donning a red wig and bagpipes, personating a travelling Scotchman, His Majesty at length touched the Russian frontier. Here, having assured himself that Mounted Cossacks, three yards apart, guarded the whole line on both sides all the way to St. Petersburg, and, having dispatched the three dummy Emperors in three sham Imperial trains in front of him, he donned his own proper dress, and following them in a luggage van, drawn by a pilot-engine, somewhat fatigued by the changes of his continued "variety entertainment," reached his home once again in safety.

ANOTHER TITLE TO DISTINCTION.—*The Birds of Mr. Marks, R.A.*, or, *The Birds of Aristophanes, R.A.*

## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

"Is this the hand?"—*Miss Squeers*.

Or the local Guide-books *Tiviss's*, which I have already mentioned, is by far the best, but the ordinary maps of North Devon are decidedly unsatisfactory for the pedestrian or equestrian. The bicyclists' map, which is generally useful for a rider, is of very little service here, as it is not a knowledge of high roads but of the lanes, short cuts and bye-ways, that gives the horseman the advantage over the traveller in a carriage, and the space he can cover without fatigue gives him his advantage over the pedestrian. But the bicyclist map does not assist you here; indeed, the ordinary map which accompanies *Tiviss's Guide* is the best I've seen up to now.

As to *Murray*, it is very full, "but," says Our Own Mr. COOK, "a guide-book that does not include Georgeham in its index of contents,

—and I cannot find it in its pages,—is certainly incomplete."

The guide-books give the distances accurately, but rarely do they give you more than one route to any place, and still more rarely do they inform you of public foot-paths across fields. *MURRAY*'s young men should be sent out again, some on bicycles, and some walking, and some riding, and let the result be a good, clear, well-defined map of North Devon, with short cuts distinctly marked, and let the instructions tell us whether a town or village is supposed to be at the end, in the middle or at the beginning of its name on the map, as an eighth of an inch on the map makes about four miles difference on the road.

*Essential for North Devon*.—A good waterproof. Not one of your showy, flimsy, so-convenient, roll-up-to-nothing-and-weighs-less-than-that, which will tear and split like rotten rag, and costs from three to five guineas, but an ample, long, stout waterproof, made to brave the Scotch mists that have gone astray in North Devon, the torrents, the showers, the after-dripping from the trees, and that won't tear on its catching in any obstacle when mounting a coach or embarking in a boat.

Time's up! Our Own Mr. and Mrs. COOK and all the little *COOKIES* must depart for town. *COPLEY MARKHAM* has left us for Paris. Young *SKRYMHAGER* is climbing the Welsh Mountains. The Poet has gone to stay with his publisher. Miss *BRONDELEY* has been sent for, and she parts from *ANNE TRUDGER* with "cheers, tears, and laughter." One more breaking-up. Sad thing, all breaking-up gradually. The Ilfracombe holiday is at an end.



"Down Again?" The Last Ha'porth of Sunset. Grand Finale.

SHALL WILKIE COLLINS HAVE A MEMORIAL?—Certainly: otherwise he may be forgotten, as he left *No Name* worth mentioning.

## A GRIEVANCE AT THE GROSVENOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SHOULD like to know what the world is coming to. The Art-world is undoubtedly tottering to its fall, and will shortly cease to exist. You have doubtless heard of the disastrous catastrophe that took place last week, which came upon us like a thunder-clap, and which has undoubtedly sealed the fate of the Grosvenor Gallery, and has removed for ever Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY from the exalted pedestal on which we had placed him. At the very last moment I was informed that there would be no *Private View* at the Grosvenor Gallery! It is too bad! This is the reward for years of faithfulness. I who—by reason of my extraordinary costumes, by my weird expression, by my high voice, and by my striking attitudes—along with my band of devoted disciples—who have been the making of Sir Coutts—to find that we were disestablished at one rough blow, and to hear that we could come in with the *Common Shilling* Public. That, my dear Sir, is what I absolutely refuse to do! What do I care for *Pastels*? What do I care for Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, or GAINSBOROUGH, or Sir JOHN MILLAIS, or VANDYKE, or Old Masters, or Young Masters, or Middle-aged Masters? What does anybody care for them? The object of the Grosvenor Gallery, Sir, is *Art*. And the real meaning of *Art* is a crowded *Private View*, in a hot room, and the *feeling* that you are a *celebrity*! Oh, the *glow of glory* that comes over me when I hear people audibly whisper, "There goes Mrs. SHAD-THEMES!"

Oh, the delight, when one knows that the name of Mrs. SHAD-THEMES will be chronicled amid the *host of distinguished people* who were "observed." Oh, the

rapture when one feels a dozen *Lady-journalists* are minutely taking down *every detail of one's costume*! Again, I ask, is the Profession of *Private-Viewer*—a profession, which, by the way, requires neither taste, beauty nor intellect, but something beyond all; a *Private-Viewer*, like a poet, is born not made—to be ruthlessly crushed by some silly fad of the Head of the Grosvenor? If Sir Coutts thinks he can compensate Society for his unceremonious treatment of us, by inviting a few of his private friends to take tea in the Gallery on Sunday—all I can say, is, Sir Coutts is most egregiously mistaken. And when the time comes, as it surely will come, when he sits alone in his Gallery while the public no longer pay their shillings, and he will have the satisfaction of enjoying the *very private* of *Private Views*, I trust his conscience will smite him for his scandalous treatment of us, who, have made him! When I look at my terra-cotta gown, my slashed canary sack, my artistically bulged fluffy hat, especially prepared for last week, when I think I shall no longer be chronicled as a celebrity three or four times a year, and that my occupation is gone for ever, I declare I could cry with vexation! Believe me, to be,

Yours wrathfully,

SOPHONISBA SHAD-THEMES.

FOR LODGE OR PEEL ("WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR") ON FRIDAY NEXT:—

"And all his prospects Brighton to the last."  
Quoted from "Resignation."

GRATE BARGAIN.—SECOND-HAND GOLD STICK TO BE DISPOSED OF.—Owing to recent changes at Court involving the suppression of the functionary who has hitherto made use of the above-named useful and ornamental article, he is now willing to part with it at a merely nominal value. It would cut up into a couple of elegant walking-sticks or umbrella handles, or, subdivided into three, would furnish a handsome and showy set of presentation cricket stumps. Would also chop up into an effective set of drawing-room ninepins. Might still be used with effect at a cannibal court ceremony, and if any enterprising Missionary wished to purchase it with a view to utilising it in this fashion, the Advertiser, who is a thorough Master in the Art of carrying it with becoming effect, will be happy for the purchase money, to throw in as well, a few lessons in "Official Department!"



## HOW DOES HE LIKE THIS?

Dedicated to the Rev. Hoe-Hanceis, who thinks dogs ought to be used for draught purposes, "because they like it."

## BIRDS AND BONNETS.

MR. H. S. MARKS, R.A., on the subject of birds is bound to be interesting. Says the great Bird-painter:-

"I always say that people like birds for three reasons:-To shoot—To eat—To wear."

Quite so. Mr. Marks doubtless thinks, and Mr. Punch agrees with him, that birds were not intended only to be shot, eaten, or even worn. Indeed, the latter custom rouses Mr. Marks' indignation, as it often has Mr. Punch's. Says the former:-

"There is nothing makes me so furious as this miserable fashion of birds in bonnets."

Hear! Hear! But Mr. Marks adds:-

"Next to a Woman, a Bird is the loveliest thing in creation."

Humph! Perhaps lovely Woman might ingenuously retort, that that is just the reason why she likes to wear them *next to her!* A woman, who is capable of "killing birds to enhance her beauty," is quite capable of turning Mr. Marks' words against him. But the outspoken R.A. is right. Birds in bonnets (like dirt), are just "matter in the wrong place." Perhaps, if people knew more about birds, as much as Mr. Marks does, for instance, they would not be so eager to decorate themselves *à la Choctaw*, with their stolen plumes and wantonly slain bodies. Mr. Punch is quite ready to join the good painter in a crusade against the beautiful (but barous) bird-slaughterers:-

Hang me, Ladies fair, if tell I can  
Why you'd slay the blameless pelican,  
Or—to utilise along lingo—  
"Spificate" the poor flamingo,  
Give the "adjudant" his gruel,  
And, with faces blandly cruel,  
Cause the stork, the crane, the gannet,  
To skedaddle from our planet,  
Like the dodo, prematurely,  
Just to deck your bonnets! Surely  
In pursuit of Fashion-culture,  
To kill out the useful vulture,

Or exterminate the eagle  
Bird (excuse the rhyme) so regal  
Rob, as it is feared your manner is,  
Of its snowy plumes our swanberries;  
Needlessly "wipe out" macaws,  
And, without sufficient cause,  
Lesson, as by annual inches,  
Our supplies of tit and finches.  
Surely all this ruthless slaughter  
Means disgrace to each Eve's daughter;  
All these birds are found you know  
In friend Marks's great "Bird Show."  
These and more in great variety  
See at the Fine Art Society,  
One, four, eight, New Bond Street, W.  
Ladies, Mr. Punch will trouble you  
To attend this fine display,  
Which you'll owe to Marks, R.A.  
Oddities in Ornithology  
There you'll see. Then make apology  
To your Mentor, Mr. P.,  
And all join the S. P. B.!

The S. P. B., or Society for the Protection of Birds, Mr. Punch may inform repentant bird-slaughterers, was formed at the beginning of the present year to "discourage the enormous sacrifice of bird-life at present exacted by the milliners," and, of course, acquiesced in by the matrons and maidens the milliners cater for. "The sole obligation of members is that they shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird that is not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted." Not a very severe self-denying ordinance that, Ladies? "It is hoped" (says the Hon. Sec.), "that many women will feel induced to join the Society (to which there is no subscription), and so make a protest against the present wholesale destruction of wild and singing birds."

Mr. Punch heartily echoes this wish. So, he is sure, does Mr. Marks. The Hon. Sec. says she shall be happy to receive the names of intending members; and she signs herself, EMILY WILLIAMSON, The Croft, Didsbury, near Manchester. Verba, sat, Ladies!

## TO A FAIR NICOTIAN.

(WITH A WHIFF OF LORD TENNYSON.)

DEAR Lady CLARA, let me, pray,  
Remonstrate. It's beyond a joke,  
When your flirtations, so you say,  
Begin, as oft they end, in smoke.  
You're beautiful, but fairer far  
You'd be, if only you would let—  
Your male friends smoke that big cigar,  
And yield them too that cigarette.

You smoke because you think it's fast.  
How sad the day when you began  
To bridge the difference—so vast—  
Between a woman and a man.  
The heroine of idle tales,  
Of scorn, of slander, and dispraise;  
Your womanhood is lost 'mid veils  
Of smoke, your foolish lips upraise.

And, Lady CLARA, though mayhap  
These words may never reach your ear;  
Young LAURENCE was a decent chap,  
And his old mother held him dear.  
Why did you teach the hapless boy  
To smoke?—'twas quite against his will;  
Tobacco, you so much enjoy,  
Made him, we know, extremely ill.

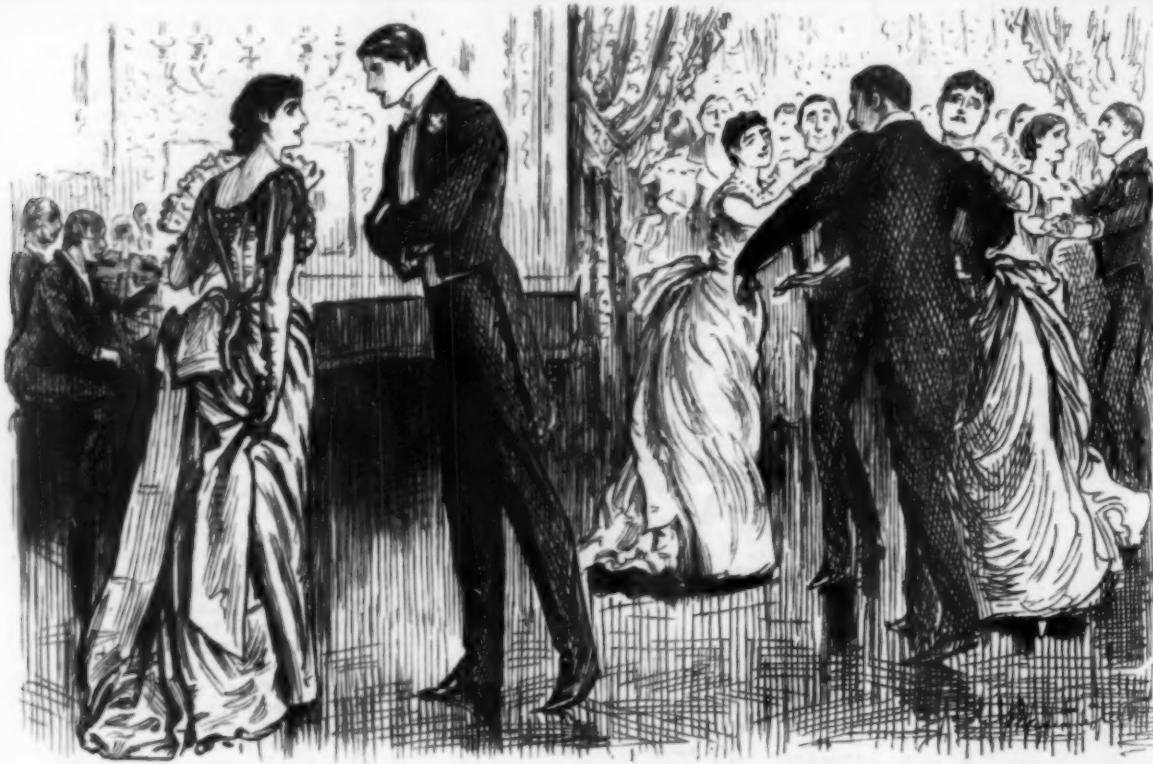
Oh, trust me, CLARA, though I like,  
Myself, my yard-long Brosely clay,  
Your lovers all will go on strike,  
If you smoke in this awful way.  
How'er it be, it seems, my girl,  
Your ladyship too oft forgets  
A maiden's lips were meant to curl  
And kiss, and not smoke cigarettes.

Dear Lady CLARA, as I've said,  
If time be heavy, work and play;  
Try going earlier to bed,  
With some lawn-tennis every day.  
Don't give the orphan boy bird's-eye,  
The orphan boy a pipe. You know  
How ill they made you first. Good-bye!  
Remember ALFRED told you so.

RE-ENGAGEMENT REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY BY A NOBLE EARL who has had, through no fault of his own, but owing to the desire of his late employers to cut down excessive expenditure, to resign his situation as Master of Buckhounds. The Advertiser would be willing to take any place involving the discharge of similar duties. Can furnish excellent references testifying to his fitness for the post. Would not object to the charge of a pack of Beagles. Salary in last place £1500, but might take less. Thoroughly understands "whipping in," and all the subordinate business of the profession. Would be glad to hear from Dogs' Home.

AN EX-ASSISTANT MARSHAL OF THE CEREMONIES, who can bring an excellent character from his last place, which he has, however, been compelled to leave, owing to his services having been dispensed with in conformity with certain new regulations of retrenchment, is anxious to meet with some kindred occupation in which the special acquirements with which his calling have rendered him familiar could be usefully and adequately called into requisition. Thinks he could undertake a provincial stage management, or arrange an effective parade of "Salvationists." Would also undertake to organise striking processions of Ritualistic Clergy. Foresters' Clubs might communicate.

AN ASSISTANT FIRST GENTLEMAN PORTER, suddenly thrown out of employment at Buckingham Palace, is anxious to hear of any light job-work by the day or hour. Would be glad of any opening. No objection to a little cab running.



## FILIAL PIETY.

*Ingerous Youth.* "MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?"

*The Bishop's Daughter.* "THANKS—No! I NEVER DANCE ROUND DANCES IN MY FATHER'S DIOCESE!"

## "COOPED UP!"

*Grecian Game-cock loquitur*—

On, Cockadoodledo! Could I only get at you,  
You big and brutal Turkish Bubbleyjock,  
Who would make your feathers fly! But they will not let me try,  
And these bars my eager efforts foil and mock.  
Those old buffers at Berlin coop'd me up to keep me in,  
For they knew my spurs were fretting for the fray.  
Now, like STEELE's immortal Starling, though that Cretan chick's  
"I can't get out" to help it any way. [my darling,

It is really quite too bad. That confounded feathered cad  
Of a Turkey is the barnyard's scourge and pest.  
Surely every other bird should boycott him. It's absurd!  
He only feeds and feathers his own nest.  
He is not a mite of good, not as ornament or food,  
And he's always getting someone in a row.  
He's the tyrant of small coops, but to bigger birds he stoops,  
With a meanness which is horrid anyhow.

Though I'm but a small game-cock, yet I come of fighting stock,  
And I'd lick that Bubbleyjock into fits.  
The big bully I don't fear, yet behold me coop'd up here,  
Whilst he's picking that poor chicken there to bits!  
A callow chick from Crete he can buffet, bang, and beat.  
He will pull the little creature limb from limb.  
You tyrant, let him be! Come and have a turn at Me!  
Only wish that I could have a turn at him!

Oh, I feel so cook-a-whoop. But for this confounded coop,  
"Grecian game-cock to the rescue!" it should be.  
My opinion is emphatic: a small rooster, if he's Attic,  
Is a match for such a lumbering brute as he.  
He is killing him! Oh dear! Will no one interfere?  
What a callous lot of cowards they all are!  
If this coop I can upset, I'll get at the bully yet,  
Then, by Jove, you Barnyard shirkers, there'll be war!!!

## THE NEWEST THING IN CYCLES.

SIR.—Every schoolboy knows what great events from little causes spring; how Dr. WATTS discovered his hymns while listening to the singing of the tea-kettle; and how little ROWLAND HILL, while watching the cook ornamenting a pie-crust, hit on the idea of the perforated postage-stamp, which has generated the Christmas-card and touting circular nuisance, and ruined the art of polite letter-writing. I was coming in weary yesterday from a long tricycle ride over heavy roads, and was revolving schemes for an automatic cycle, when my attention was caught by the sound of rapidly galloping hoofs, and the excited cry of an enthusiastic driver. Coming towards me at a surprising pace, I beheld a trim and vigorous donkey, attached to a light cart, on which were perched two genial-looking persons of the costermonger class. They were not beating their willing little steed. Far from it. They were exciting his emulation by moral suasion—a bunch of carrots on the end of a pole was held in front of his nose, and the intelligent creature was making every effort to secure the dainty but delusive bait. Then in one flash my great invention came to me.

A powerful magnet on the end of a pole in front of the tricycle, and a light steel bar fixed to the machine, so as to come within the sphere of the magnet's greatest influence! You mount your tricycle, whip off the neutralising cover of the magnet, and off you go. The bar, of course, is drawn to the magnet, and the tricycle is fixed to the bar. The magnet being also fixed, the more the bar tries to reach it the faster the tricycle goes. To stop, you have only to turn the magnet by a simple lever arrangement alongside the saddle, and the red end is presented to the bar. Every observer of the habits of toy-ducks and fishes in a basin will see at once what will happen. The speed will immediately be checked, and if the opposing force be kept at work long enough, a retrograde motion will be established. With a little practice, however, the cap will be clapped on at the right instant, and the machine will be at rest. This seems to me not only an invaluable invention for the wheelman, but also to come very near solving the problem of perpetual motion. MANGNALL BREWER.

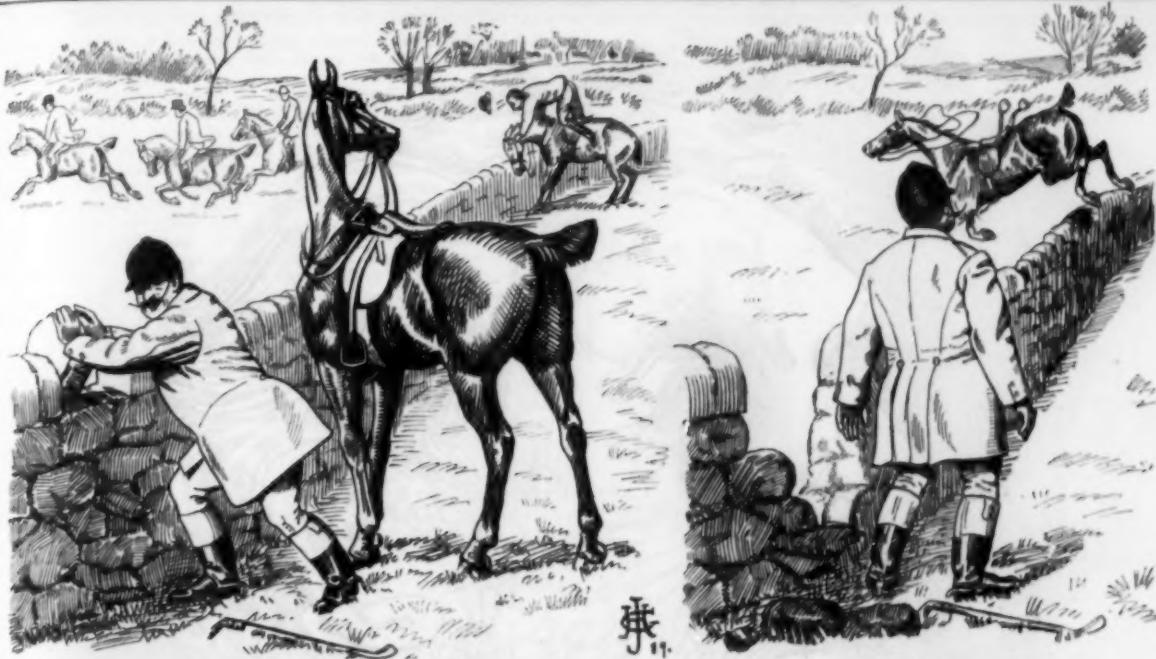
P.S.—I hope to form a company forthwith. My son POISONBY declares that a man will be necessary to run in front with the magnet. This is ridiculous. No one ran in front of the donkey with the carrots.



“COOPED UP!”



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"MY HORSE HE LIKE NOT YOUR WALL OF STONE—I GO TO MAKE IT MORE LOW!"

"HÉ ! LA BAS !!"

### WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT.

(*Modern Hypnotic Thaumaturgist's Version, as sung by the Rev. A. Tooth.*)

[The Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH has introduced a form of neo-hypnotic treatment for dipsomaniacs and others, which he calls "Cure by Suggestion."]

I'm a nineteenth century thaumaturge, with "will-force," and a lot  
When I come to think of it, [of it,

There might be happiness in life, though little man's yet got of it,  
When I come to think of it,

They talk to me of Science,—hump! I do not think a deal of it;  
Tooth-ache (no pun!) is a great scourge; I do not like the feel of it.  
I have a sort of fancy, now, that I could make a heal of it,

When I come to think of it.

Measeric force, hypnotic power?—men do not like the names of them,  
When they come to think of it.

Reminds them of 'cute charlatans, and all the little games of them,  
When they come to think of it.

But mental power o'er matter?—there can surely be no harm in it,  
Give it a nice new name, and none will find cause for alarm in it.  
"Cure by Suggestion!" That's the very thing, there's quite a charm

When you come to think of it.

If TOMMY's got the toothache life is troublesome and slow to him,  
When he comes to think of it;

He needs the dentist's services but does not like to go to him,

When he comes to think of it.

But what if I "suggest" to TOM when forceps get a bite of it,  
That molar or incisor, he will howl—with the delight of it?

TOMMY of course, at once will feel that I am in the right of it,

When he comes to think of it.

The dipsomaniac again!—he likes rum as a beverage,

When he comes to think of it;

But by this same "Suggestion" on his will I get a leverage,

When I come to think of it.

I hint to him that Zoedone much nicer than "Pine-apple" is

(Suggestion the best manner with his morbid taste to grapple is)

He'll own that Zoedone the thing to titillate his thrapple is,

When he comes to think of it.

Repressive laws are hateful to JOHN BULL, he loathes the style of them,

When he comes to think of it;

He has a fad for freemen, and he thinks he has an Isle of them,

When he comes to think of it.

But surely mere "Suggestion" freedom cannot bind, or shackle it.

No, "Local Option" sounds not sweet though Temperance men be—

Sir WILFRID must prefer my way, if he will fairly tackle it, [cackle it,

When he comes to think of it.

### HAMPERING HYMEN.

[A Bill is to be introduced into Parliament next Session—so it is said—to stop improvident marriages by forbidding anybody below twenty-five years old to contract a matrimonial alliance.]

*Monday.*—After a sleepless night, summoned up enough courage to declare myself (sounds rather as if I was accused of carrying contraband goods), to the object of my affections, Miss CLEMENTINA TALLBOYS. Had rather a bad five minutes—of vacillation on CLEMENTINA's part—but at last was accepted. Rapture! Presented her with the brass coal-scuttle (which I had left out in the hall, and should have taken away with me had I been rejected), as an engagement gift. CLEMENTINA looked as if she might have preferred jewellery. However, the coal-scuttle will be useful when we begin housekeeping.

*Tuesday.*—Curious! CLEMENTINA anxious to have my exact age. Tell her, twenty-seven and nine months. She seems doubtful. Can she distrust me? She explains that, by the new law, I should be sent to prison for any time not exceeding five years (gracious!) if I married before the age of twenty-five. CLEMENTINA actually sheds tears as she mentions it. I tell her how glad I am to find that she cares for me enough to weep at thought of my imprisonment. She replies—"Oh, it's not that so much, but anybody aiding and abetting would also be punished; and so I might have to go to prison too!" I suggest that "love would make even a gaol pleasant." She answers (coldly I think) that "she would prefer to spend her honeymoon somewhere else."

*Wednesday.*—CLEMENTINA's father has written to ask for my Baptismal Certificate! *Query*—insulting? He tries to explain his request by saying, "it would be so awkward if you had made a mistake about your age. You have a young look (rather flattering, that), and CLEMENTINA naturally wishes to avoid committing a misdemeanor."

*Thursday.*—CLEMENTINA trying to pump me about money-matters. I should not have thought it of her! Says, blushing, "her Papa would be glad to see me about settlements." But I haven't anything to settle!

*Friday.*—No letter to-day from either CLEMENTINA or her father! Have they discovered a flaw in the Baptismal Certificate? Call, and am told "the whole family's not at home." *Query*—a whopper?

*Saturday.*—Frigid note from CLEMENTINA herself, saying "she has just happened to remember that, though I am twenty-five, she is only twenty-two, and therefore, by the new law, she cannot marry for three years. She begs accordingly to break off our engagement, and returns the coal-scuttle." Believe, myself, she's thirty, if she's a day. This excuse of age is a subterfuge. I am rejected for lack of money—settled by settlements! If Parliament had not passed that idiotic law, I should take immediate action—a Breach of Promise one—against CLEMENTINA's perfidy.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 4.

## STATESMEN AT HOME.

No. 1.—MR. GOSCHEN AT 69, PORTLAND PLACE.

You approach Portland Place from different avenues according to the point from which you start. Supposing you go along the Marylebone Road, it would be necessary, on reaching Park Square, to turn to the right by Park Crescent, which gives upon a broad road "that does not always lead to destruction," as the Gentleman in difficulties said, when he was going to call upon Mr. GEORGE LEWIS at No. 88. If, on the other hand, you approach Portland Place from the South, it would be necessary to pass up Regent Street through the narrow gully by the Church, and so into Portland Place; on

beholding which, especially if it be a hot day, you will wonder that the genius of English people lacks the inspiration which might clothe this noble thoroughfare in verdure. In any other city but London, Portland Place would be planted on either side with avenues of trees, under which you might carelessly loiter at high noon tide.

Mr. GOSCHEN presently tells you that he has thought of this, and had at one time half elaborated a scheme whereby each householder

was to be compelled to plant before his doorway one or more trees.

"Under the Municipal Acts," this great authority says as he toys with a tassel of the priceless Chippendale chair which you learn has a quaint history, "householders are compelled to clear away the snow before their house-fronts. Why should they not be obliged

by an extension of the Act to plant a tree? The principle of Every Man his own Tree-planter once firmly established, London would blossom as a garden."

Standing on the steps of No. 69, regarding the still treeless waste, you notice an inscription on the door-plate, whose polished surface would certainly shine in the sun if there happened to be one. Bending forward, you read the legend, "Knock and Ring." You feel at once how strikingly characteristic this is of the eminent statesman whom you presently find seated on the sofa, the saddle-back sacking whereof tapers gently from deepest blue to liveliest red. For some people it would be sufficient to knock at a door through which they desired admission. Others, differently constituted, would ring. The Right Honourable GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, now Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer in the Ministry of Lord SALISBURY, as he at one time was in the Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE, leaves nothing to chance. "Knock and Ring" is his motto.

You do so accordingly, and are promptly admitted within the hall, where Jokim, a half-bred retriever, salutes you with transports of affection. You observe that he is not muzzled, and you cannot help permitting your mind to trifle with the inquiry, Has the Dog-tax been duly paid? Your meditations are, however, broken in upon by the appearance of your host, clad in a long dressing-gown of purple silk, turned up at the sleeves with azure velvet, and picked out at the collar with tasty splashes of red. Your host wears a smoking-cap, thickly tasseled with gold lace, and in his mouth, cleverly held between his teeth, is a short clay pipe. Busy as he is, occupied with the affairs of an Empire compared with which that of ancient Rome was nought, your host can still spare a few moments to warmly welcome you. There is no misunderstanding the cheery twinkle in the orb half obscured by the eyeglass.

"Very glad to meet you here, dear *Toby*," he says, gracefully removing the short clay from between his shining rows of teeth. "Haven't seen you since the House adjourned. Hope you've had a good time. But what's this you're up to now, going about interviewing your friends at home? Is this what's called the New Journalism? As far as I have looked into the matter, it seems to me that New Journalism is simply Old Americanism."

You take the seat which your host warmly proffers you, and look round the room, somewhat surprised to find a poker and tongs lying within the well-cut fender, that incloses a hearth in which, in spite of October chills, a coal fire brightly burns. Your host, walking up and down the cosy room, and seizing the opportunity of dusting the chairs with the skirt of his dressing-gown, tells you the history of his life from the day he retired from the firm of FRÜHLING AND GÖSCHEN, of Austin Friars, E.C., through his experiences at the Poor Law Board, as First Lord of the Admiralty, and in various other more or less lucrative offices.

"I have," says your host, as he gently but firmly knocks out the ashes from his pipe on the mirrored surface of the oak sideboard that stands under the line engraving of MILLAIS' portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE, "no sympathy with men who decline to serve their country only in certain circumstances. Some people, because they came to the front under GLADSTONE, would decline to take office with Lord SALISBURY. I am not one of those, TOBY, dear boy. All I ask for is opportunity of doing good; and, whether with SALISBURY as chief, or GLADSTONE, that is an accidental circumstance having no particular bearing on the case."

As there is no mention of luncheon, or even inquiry as to your disposition towards sherry and bitters, you lightly turn the conversation in the direction of the bye-elections. Your host (if, in the painful circumstances alluded to, you may still call him so) energetically flicks a fly off a costly blue china vase, that stands beneath a well executed portrait of the Marquis of SALISBURY as CINCINNATUS. "Bye-elections," he said, "vary with circumstances. If we win it is irrefragable proof that the adversary is getting deeper and deeper into the mire, and that the country as a whole is with us. If we lose, bye-elections are a delusion and a snare having absolutely no value as a test of current public feeling. As to the series that have recently taken place and led to such indecent exultation among the Gladstonians, it is true that they have resulted in the transfer of two seats counting four on a division. But that is a mere incident. If you take the figures as a whole you will see that we have had one of the greatest triumphs in recent political warfare. In 1885, there polled in the three Constituencies of Peterborough, Sleaford and North Bucks, 77,000 voters. Well, divide that by four, add ten per cent. for out-voters, take off 750, say, for electors who have for various causes been removed from the Register, add one per cent. for spoiled votes, and you will see at a glance that the preponderance of the Unionists is so great as to make the return of Lord SALISBURY after a General Election an absolute certainty. Mr. GLADSTONE isn't in it. You will see that, if you work out my calculation."

You promise to do so, and as at this juncture the white-haired butler enters and announces the arrival of Lord SALISBURY on urgent business, you take your leave of your host, noticing as you pass out the admirable contrast of the purple silk dressing-gown, 'with the



## HAPPY THOUGHT.

"WHY, MY BOY, YOU 'VE SPENT WINDOW WITHOUT AN *N*! DON'T YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A *WINDOW* AND A *WIDOW*?"

"YES, SIR. YOU CAN SEE THROUGH ONE—AND—AND—YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE OTHER, SIR!"

rich grass-green hue of the curtains that heavily drape the oriel windows. As you slowly walk down-stairs, ready to return if what you think is an obvious idea should occur to your host (it being just half-past one o'clock) it strikes you as strange that Lord SALISBURY, who is understood to be at Hatfield, should have called at this precise moment. But you decline to entertain the suspicion that the hidden meaning of the butler's message is, that luncheon was served, and that your host selfishly desired to be alone.

## POETIC LICENCES,

## A FORECAST.

SCENE—A Committee-room of the L. C. C. Sub-Committee of Censors (appointed, under new regulations, to report on all songs intended to be sung on the Music-hall Stage,) discovered in session.

*Mr. Wheedler (retained for the Ballad-writers).* The next licence I have to apply for is for—well, (with some hesitation)—a composition which certainly borders on the—er—amorous—but I think, Sir, you will allow that it is treated in a purely pastoral and Arcadian spirit.

*The Chairman (gravely).* There are arcades, Mr. WHEEDLER, I may remind you, which are by no means pastoral. I cannot too often repeat that we are here to fulfil the mission entrusted to us by the Democracy, which will no longer tolerate in its entertainment anything that is either vulgar, silly, or offensive in the slightest degree. [Applause.]

## "MOLLY AND I."

"Oh! the day shall be marked in red letter—"

*The Chairman.* One moment, Mr. WHEEDLER, (*conferring with his colleagues*). "Marked with red letter"—isn't that a little—ah? liable to— You don't think they'll have read the book? Very well, then. Go on, Mr. WHEEDLER, please.

*Mr. W.* " 'Twas warm, with a heaven so blue."

*First Censor.* Can't pass those two epithets—you must tone them down, Mr. WHEEDLER—*much* too suggestive!

*Mr. W.* That shall be done.

*The Chairman.* And it ought to be "sky."

*Mr. W.* "When amid the lush meadows I met her,

My MOLLY, so modest and true!"

*Second Censor.* I object to the word "lush"—a direct incitement to intemperance!

*Mr. W.* I'll strike it out. (*Reads.*)

"Arouse us the little kids rollicked,

Lighthearted were all the young lambs—"

*Second Censor.* Surely "kids" is *rather* a vulgar expression, Mr. WHEEDLER? Make it "children," and I've no objection.

*Mr. W.* I have made it so. (*Reads.*)

"They kicked up their legs as they frolicked—"

*Third Censor.* If that is intended to be done on the stage, I protest most strongly—a highly indecorous exhibition!

[*Murmurs of approval.*]

*Mr. W.* But they're only lambs!

*Third Censor.* Lambs, indeed! We are determined to put down all kicking in Music-hall songs, no matter who does it! Strike that line out.

*Mr. W.* (reading). "And frisked by the side of their dams."

*First Censor (severely).* No profanity, Mr. WHEEDLER, if you please!

*Mr. W.* Er—I'll read you the Refrain. (*Reads, limply.*)

"MOLLY and I. With nobody nigh.

Hearts all a-throb with a rapturous bliss,

MOLLY was shy. And (at first) so was I—

Till I summoned up courage to ask for a kiss!"

*The Chairman.* "Nobody nigh," Mr. WHEEDLER? I don't quite like that. The Music-Hall ought to set a good example to young persons. "MOLLY and I—with her chaperon by," is better.

*Second Censor.* And that last line—"asking for a kiss"—does the song state that they were formally engaged, Mr. WHEEDLER?

*Mr. W.* I—I believe it omits to mention the fact. But (ingeniously) it does not appear that the request was complied with.

*Second Censor.* No matter—it should never have been made. Have the goodness to alter that into—well, something of this kind. "And I always addressed her politely as 'Miss,'—Then we may pass it.

*Mr. W.* (reading the next verse).

"She wore but a simple sun-bonnet."

*First Censor (shocked).* Now really, Mr. WHEEDLER, really, Sir!

*Mr. W.* "For MOLLY goes plainly attired."

*First Censor (indignantly).* I should think so—*Scandalous!*

*Mr. W.* "Malediction I muttered upon it,

One glimpse of her face I desired."

*The Chairman.* I think my colleague's exception is perhaps just a *leettle* far-fetched. At all events, if we substitute for the last couplet,— "Her dress is sufficient—though on it

She only spends what is strictly required."

Eh, Mr. WHEEDLER? Then we work in a moral as well, you see, and avoid malediction, which can only mean bad language.

*Mr. W.* (doubtfully). With all respect, I submit that it doesn't scan quite so well—

*The Chairman (sharply).* I venture to think scansion may be sacrificed to propriety, *occasionally*, Mr. WHEEDLER—but pray go on.

*Mr. W.* (continuing). "To a streamlet we rambled together.

I carried her tenderly o'er.

In my arms—she's as light as a feather—

That sweetest of burdens I bore!"

*First Censor.* I really must protest. No properly conducted young woman would ever have permitted such a thing. You must alter that, Mr. WHEEDLER!

*Second C.* And I don't know—but I rather fancy there's a "double-intender" in that word "light"—(to colleague)—it strikes me—eh?—what do you think?

*The Chairman (in a conciliatory manner).* I am inclined to agree to some extent—not that I consider the words particularly objectionable in themselves, but we are men of the world, Mr. WHEEDLER, and as such we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a Music-hall audience is only too apt to find significance in many apparently innocent expressions and phrases.

*Mr. W.* But, Sir, I understood from your remarks recently that the Democracy were strongly opposed to anything in the nature of suggestiveness!

*The Ch.* Exactly so; and therefore we cannot allow their susceptibilities to be shocked. (*With a severe jocosity.*) MOLLY and you, Mr. WHEEDLER, must either ford the stream like ordinary persons, or stay where you are.

*Mr. W.* (depressed). I may as well read the last verse, I suppose:

"Then under the flickering willow

I lay by the rivulet's brink,

With her lap for a sumptuous pillow—"

*First Censor.* We can't have that. It is really *not* respectable.

*The Ch. (pleasantly).* Can't we alter it slightly? "I'd brought a small portable pillow." No objection to that!

[*The other Censors express dissent in undertones.*]

*Mr. W.* "Till I owned that I longed for a drink."

*Third C.* No, no! "A drink"! We all know what that means—alcoholic stimulant of some kind. At all events that's how the audience are certain to take it.

*Mr. W.* (feebly). "So MOLLY her pretty hands hollowed

Into curves like an exquisite cup,

And draughts so delicious I swallowed,

That rivulet nearly dried up!"

*Third C.* Well, Mr. WHEEDLER, you're not going to defend that, I hope?

*Mr. W.* I'm not prepared to deny that it is silly—*very* silly—he hardly—er—vulgar, I should have thought?

*Third C.* That is a question of taste, which we won't dispute. I call it *distinctly* vulgar. Why can't he drink out of his own hands?

*The Ch. (blandly).* Allow me. How would this do for the second line? "She had a collapsible cup." A good many people do carry them. I have one myself. Is that all of your Ballad, Mr. WHEEDLER?

*Mr. W.* (with great relief). That is all, Sir.

[*Censors withdraw, to consider the question.*]

*The Ch. (after consultation with Colleagues).* We have carefully considered this song, and we are all reluctantly of opinion that we cannot, consistently with our duty, recommend the Council to license it—even with the alterations my colleagues and myself have gone somewhat out of our way to suggest. The whole subject is too dangerous for a hall in which young persons of both sexes are likely to be found assembled; and the absence of any distinct assertion that the young couple—MOLLY and—ah—the gentleman who narrates the experience—are betrothed, or that their attachment is, in any way, sanctioned by their parents or guardians, is quite fatal. If we have another Ballad of a similar character from the same quarter, Mr. WHEEDLER, I feel bound to warn you that we may possibly consider it necessary to advise that the poet's licence should be cancelled altogether.

*Mr. W.* I will take care to mention it to my client, Sir. I understand it is his intention to confine himself to writing Gaiety burlesques in future.

*The Ch.* A very laudable resolution! I hope he will keep it.

[*Scene closes in.*]



"CULTURE IN OLE VIRGINNY."

Probable result of importing Millet's "Angélique" into the United States.

EX ANTHOLOGIA.—Excerpts from MR. GRAHAM R. TOMSON's edition of *Translations from the Greek Anthology* will be known in future as "Ex Antho-(roll)-logia." One epigram of XYLOKYLINDROS of Sidon has escaped the Editor. It runs as follows:

Though till now unfamed in story, Modest tho' thy method be,

Alma, spread thy verses freely Through the Greek Anthology.

HORSEMANSHIP AND CHAIRMANSHIP.—*Mr. Punch* sincerely congratulates "Mr. ROSEBERRY" on his recovery, and on his pluck in taking the Chair at the London County Council, and sticking to the business in such a thorough manner as he did last Friday. The MUCK DOUGALL and Charitable CHARRINGTON must feel that "approbation from 'Mr. ROSEBERRY' is praise indeed!" As an equestrian, may he never experience a tumble, and, as Chairman of the L. C. C., may he long be able to keep his seat.



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